

HUMOR.

NOT UTTERLY CRUSHED.

He Was Rejected, but Business Is Business.

"Am I too late, Penelope?"

With eager eye and trembling lip the young man asked the question.

"Has some other man forestalled me in your affections?" he continued, wiping his brow nervously and choking down the emotion that impeded his utterance.

"I do not think you have a right to ask the question, Mr. Rogers," answered the girl, looking him squarely in the face; "but you are too late. I am no longer free."

"And you call this fair treatment, do you? Have you not led me on by every art?"

"Have a care how you charge me with trifling, Ralph Rogers!" exclaimed Penelope Hankinson with flashing eye. "If you had not been blinded by your own self-conceit you might have spared yourself this—this!"

"Humiliation," said the young man bitterly. "Go on, Miss Hankinson."

"You have been led on by your own good opinion of yourself, sir. You cannot point to one act of coquetry, one instance of trifling or unfairness on my part. If I had dreamed, Mr. Rogers, that you—"

"Forgive me, Penelope," he said penitently. "I was hasty. May I ask who is the fortunate young man that—that—but I hardly need to ask. It is Harry Maxwell, is it not?"

She was silent.

"I might have known it. Once more, Penelope! I can hardly believe it. This sudden crushing of all my hopes is so overmastering that I can scarcely credit my senses. Is it true that you have promised yourself to another and that I am nothing more to you than a friend?"

The young girl bowed her head.

"Then, Miss Hankinson," he said, recovering himself and looking at his watch, "while I am here I may as well attend to business and save myself the trouble of coming again while on my regular rounds tomorrow. Good afternoon, Miss Hankinson."

And feeling in his vest pocket for a match Mr. Ralph Rogers, inspector for the Great Consolidated Gas company, went out into the hall and groped his way down by the back stairway to the basement to inspect the meter.—Chicago Tribune.

A Big Thread.

There is a good story of George William Curtis which seems never to have been published. He was lecturing on a Buffalo stage once, when suddenly a heavy rope somehow broke loose from its moorings in the side stove and dropped with a tremendous thud to the floor behind the speaker. Mr. Curtis looked around in mild surprise to see what had happened; then, turning to the alarmed audience, again, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ah, that must have been the thread of my discourse." Somebody on a front seat caught the joke first and broke out in a chuckle, which instantly developed into a roar of laughter from the whole house. It was a good many minutes before the thread of that discourse could be resumed.—Buffalo Express.

His Attitude Declared.

An individual who aspires to the particular seat in the house of representatives was talking to a crowd of voters in a neighboring village. One of the party said to him:

"Colonel, I understand you are projecting for a seat in congress?"

The colonel nodded.

"Well, we would like to know how you stand on the Mills bill and the McKinley bill?"

"Wal," said the colonel, "I ain't thought much about it, but I am inclined to think the Mills bill ought to be paid first, as it is the oldest of the two."—Rome Tribune.

An Eye for Business.

A colonial paper has the following advertisement: "Notice to Patients—Dr. J. H. begs to inform his clients that he has discovered in the course of a lengthy experience that the gratitude of patients is always proportionate to the different stages of their illness; that it reaches its climax when the disease is at its greatest height; that it cools during convalescence and entirely cools on recovery. Accordingly, on and after this date a change will be introduced in the method of payment, each visit to be paid for separately in cash without discount."—Astor.

"Cutting It Short."



—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

An Important Branch.

Bunker—I thought your son, after graduating from college, was going right into business, but I hear now that he is to take a post graduate course. Hill—Yes, we thought it necessary. Bunker—What is he going to study? Hill—He's going to learn how to spell.—Life.

A Platform Philanthropist.

Primus—I am told that your lecture last night was a literary treat. Secundus—Thanks, awfully. Who told you? Primus—The box office man. He said you were \$500 out of pocket by it.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

He Was the Big Party Himself.

A story is told of a gentleman prominently connected with one of the big foundries in Pittsburgh. The gentleman in question is an unusually large man, very tall and far around. Finding himself caught in a little town about seventy-five miles from Pittsburgh one night, with no train going to the city, and being very anxious to reach there at 11 o'clock, he wired to an express train down the track to stop for him.

"We stop for officials only," came the answer.

Quick as a flash went the second telegram. "Will you stop for a large party?"

"Yes," was the reply, and the long express slowed up and stopped when it reached the little town, and the gentleman complacently stepped aboard.

"Where is the large party?" inquired the conductor, with wide open, astonished eyes, as he gazed about the empty depot.

"Ain't I large enough?" chuckled the delighted new passenger.

The conductor glared, then burst into a hearty laugh as the fitness of the application burst upon him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Hook.



Wells—Where's your watch, Sumway? Hasn't that jeweler got it fixed yet?

Sumway—Yes, but his bill was so big I had to hook the watch to pay it.—Brooklyn Life.

Made Too Much at Home.

A nearsighted lady who lives on Sixth street, across the Platte, sent to an intelligence office for a girl, and was expecting her all the morning. It was raining a little, and the woman who lived next door threw on an old hat and shawl and came over to borrow a teacupful of lard. She knocked at the side door, and was greeted with:

"Go right up the back stairway to your room over the kitchen. When you are tired up a little come down here and I'll talk to you."

The women are deadly enemies now.—Colorado Sun.

Turns Them Down.

A certain editor is said to have hit upon a plan to keep subscriptions paid up that takes the cake. Every time a delinquent subscriber is mentioned in his paper his name is inverted. For example:

poor routes and wife are spending a few days in Chicago.

Every other subscriber understands what it means, and there is a grand rush to get right side up again.—Philadelphia Record.

No Place.

A certain woman had not yet become accustomed to the position suddenly acquired wealth had pushed her into. Upon one occasion, when she was showing a party of neighbors through her new and elegant home, she shook her head gloomily as they passed from one stately spot to another:

"These settin rooms and settin rooms," she moaned, "but not a place to set."—New York Recorder.

Awakening New Depths.

Featherstone—Well, old man, I am glad to hear you are engaged to be married. Falling in love, sir, brings out qualities in a man that he never suspected.

Ringway—I agree with you. I never knew before (sadly) that I had the capacity for spending so much money.—Detroit Free Press.

Lost Forever.

Mrs. Brown—I'm sure Johnnie was sorry for breaking the window across the street.

Brown—Were you sorry, my boy? Little Johnnie—Yes, dad. It was my new ball.—New York Evening Sun.

With and Without.

Witherby—I saw you on the train the other day coming from Boston. How did it happen that you were not in a parlor car?

Bingo—My wife was with me.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Slight Setback.

He (trying to make an impression)—Do you know I think that your father is an awfully jolly old fellow?

She—Yes, to every one he knows I wouldn't marry.—New York Herald.

By Contraries.

Office Boy—Please, sir, can I go this afternoon? I want to go to a ball game. Boss—Good heavens, boy! Is your aunt dead?—Life.

Where Reciprocity Is Needed.

This is the season of the year when down to Farmer Smith's there comes His city cousin, the De Smythes. Prepared to make the walk to him.

There's old De Smythe and Mrs. D. Their daughters May and Jane and Sue. And Tom and Dick and Ned and Jack. Two babies and a nurse or two.

With bag and baggage they arrive. With many a massive, monstrous trunk. For much they love their cousin Smith. And they have come a month to-bunk.

They take the ancient house by storm. They own the farm from fence to fence. And load the gay De Smythes away. "Now really this is just immense!"

The boys all stone the cows for hours. The girls the chickens drive away. Their papa takes the old farm plugs. And drives them all the living day. But when to see their city kin At Christmas time the Smiths presume. They'll find them living in a fat. Without as much as standing room.—Boston Courier.



Called back to health—every tired, ailing nervous woman. The medicine to bring her back to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If she's weak, run-down, and over-worked, that builds her up; if she suffers from any of the distressing derangements and diseases that afflict her sex, it corrects and cures.

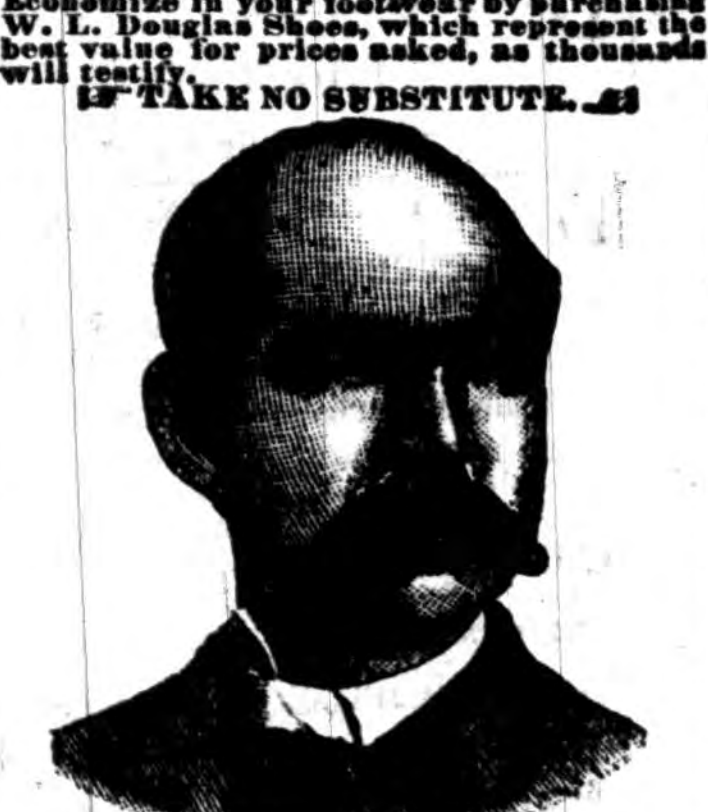
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All "female complaints" and weaknesses are positively and permanently cured with the "Favorite Prescription." It's the only medicine for them that can be, and is, guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

Something else may be better for the dealer to sell—but think for yourself whether it can be "just as good" for you to buy.

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Boys' \$2.00 and Youth's \$1.75 School shoe. The most serviceable shoes sold at the price.

Ladies' \$3.50 Hand-sewed, \$2.50. These are made of the best cowhide or fine calf, set with best calf, cowhide, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from \$4 to \$6.

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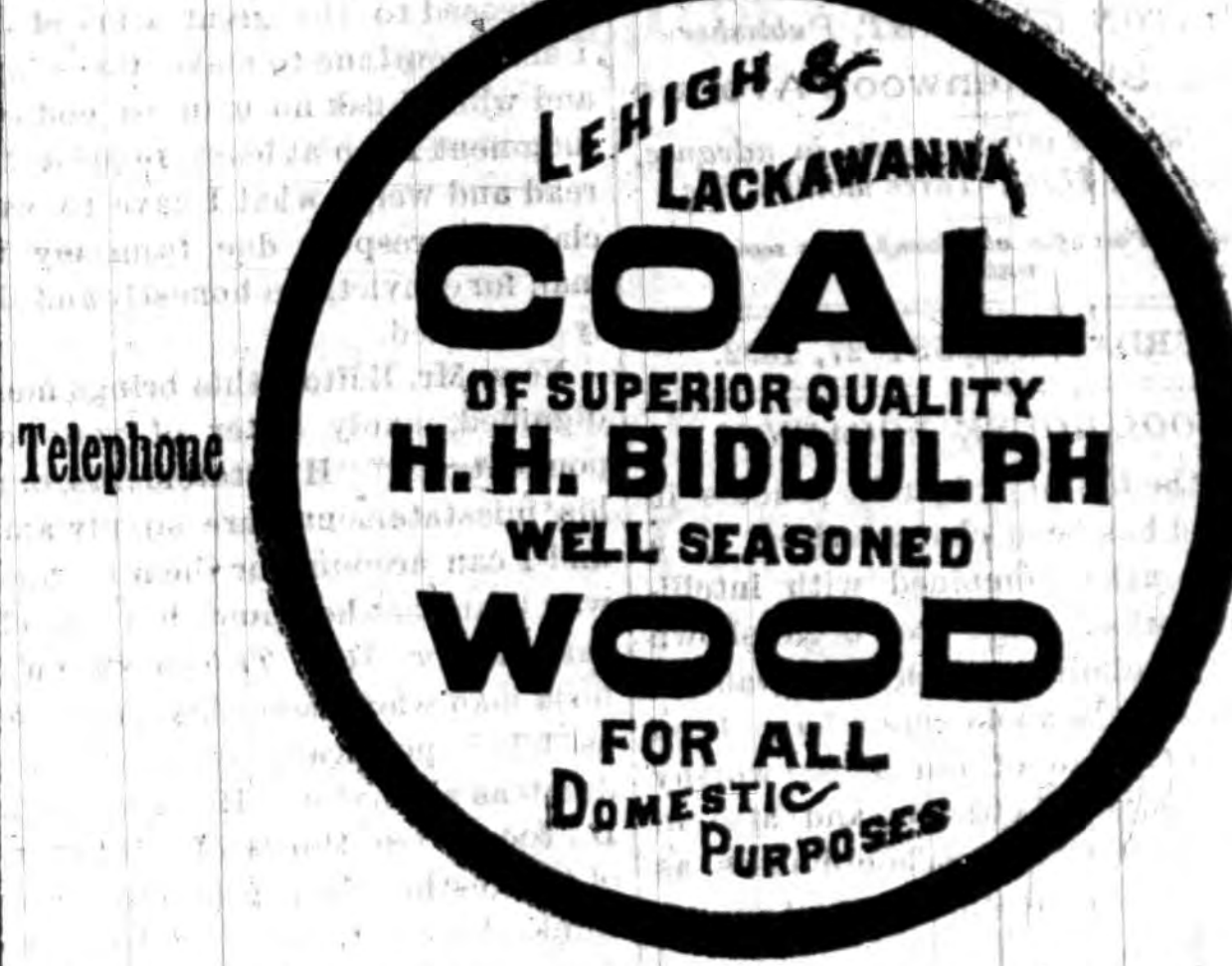
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